

A Tribute to Bryan: from The Family.

Bryan was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1962. Being the very youngest in the family, he was doted on by parents, grandparents, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles alike. He may not quite have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth but he was born with a silver tongue and a smile that could charm the birds from the trees.

Together we have shared wonderful Christmases, camping trips, fishing, boating, Highland gatherings, pipe band competitions and many wonderful holidays. One in particular we never allowed him to forget. He was 2 and a half years old and we were visiting family members who owned properties and farms in the Scottish Highlands. He was fascinated one afternoon when he was taken into one of the sheds to see one of the cats and her 8 little kittens and was allowed to hold them. The next morning after breakfast he went out to play. We followed a few minutes later. He was standing at the yard shouting "Look Libby look!" The shed door was open, the dog was running around tossing things in the air: it was the kittens. All were now dead. We were horrified. But just as he was about to be brought to justice our uncle said "Leave the boy alone. He saved me a job. I was about to go and drown them." He even got away with murder and has carried on trying to do so ever since.

To us brothers and sisters he was always the "Wee boy" and even when he became taller than all of us he was still the "Wee boy". To his nieces and nephews he was a brother and a mate and always there.

In 1985 Bryan married Joyce and for the next 20 years they shared life's ups and downs. When they separated and later divorced they did so as friends and remained so.

Sometimes disguised as a jolly man in a red suit and long white beard, he was funny, he was cheeky and to all the other children he was the best uncle in the world. His affiliation with children of course came from the fact that he was never anything other than a big kid himself.

In Bryan's words when Marie came into his life she brought the sunshine and when she gave birth to Emily she gave him the moon and the stars and so together they made his world. For six weeks they ruled the universe together and he was a total and complete man for too short a time.

Every member of our family have their own personal and one on one relationships with Bryan, and therefore each one of us have our own private and personal memories of him. His energy, his bear hugs, his giggle, his Ho Ho Ho. We will miss him terribly and this must be the same for his friends also.

So finally to all his biker friends who he loved and respected we say thankyou for being his friend. This was a tragic accident; no-one is to blame. Bryan died doing what he loved.

So to finish off: "And he always looked on the bright side of life..."

